

Six-Gun Heroes



LEE VAN CLEEF



BUD SPENCER



ROCKY HUNTER



RED CANYON



ROCKY HUNTER'S DEATH BRINGS
THE BLAZING ADVENTURES IN
'CAMELS WEST'

SIX-GUN HEROES



BUT HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR A WHOLE WAGON TRAIN TO DISAPPEAR?

IT'S NOT—THAT IS AT ONE TIME! WITCHAM'S BEHIND THIS MUST HAVE BEEN TAKING JUST A FEW DAYS BY A TIME OVER THE MONTHS HAVE BEEN WORKING HARD, SO NO ONE EVER MISSED THEM. BUT THE TIME CAME WHEN THEY WERE NEEDED TO FINISH THE JOB.



ISN'T IT POSSIBLE YOU JUST ORDERED THE WRONG AMOUNT OF CATTLE?

NO, LASH! I CHECK ALL THE SUPPLIES MYSELF, AND AM POSITIVE THAT THOSE MISSING RAILS ARRIVED HERE!



BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE STEAL RAILS? THAT WOULD THEY BE TO ANYONE UNLESS HE WAS GOING INTO THE RAILROAD BUILDING LIKE HIMSELF?

HE COULDN'T BE CONTEMPLATING A VERY BIG RAILROAD—A WAGON TRAIN OF RAILS ARE ONLY GOOD FOR ABOUT A MILE OR TWO! IF YOU ASK ME, IT SEEMS LIKE THE WORK OF SOME PRACTICAL JOKER OR A BAND OF WILD KIDS!



BUT DON'T YOU KEEP A NIGHT WATCHMAN, WITCHAM?

OF COURSE, MARSHAL! YOU CAN'T REALLY BLAME HIM FOR NEGLIGENCE! NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER EXPECT ANYONE TO STEAL RAILS! HE WAS BUSY KEEPING HIS EYES ON MORE EASILY STOLEN OBJECTS!



DID YOU ASK HIM IF THERE WERE ANY BRAGGERS ABOUT?

NO, I DECIDED TO WAIT UNTIL YOU CAME BEFORE I DID ANYTHING! OUR NIGHT WATCHMAN, RITCH HENDERSON, COMES ON DUTY AT 8 P.M.—HE CAN QUESTION HIM YOURSELF THEN!



I'LL BE BACK AT 8, MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND TOWN TO SEE IF ANYONE HAS BEEN ANYTHING OF THE MISSING RAILS!



BUT AT 8 O'CLOCK THAT EVENING...

I'M SORRY I'M LATE, HENDERSON, BUT I CHECKED EVERY POSSIBLE PLACE FOR THOSE PRACTICAL JOKERS OR WILD KIDS YOU MENTIONED. I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO REPORT! I FOUND NOBODY OF THEM, BUT WHAT'S MORE, NO ONE IN TOWN HAS SEEN A RAIL FLOTTING AROUND EITHER! NOW WHERE'S YOUR NIGHT WATCHMAN?

I DON'T KNOW, LASH! THE FIRST TIME SINCE WE STARTED THIS CONSTRUCTION JOB, HE HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR WORK!

SIX-GUN HEROES



THEY WOULDN'T BE WORTH ANYTHING MORE TO HIM THAN ANYONE ELSE! ALL I CAN GUESS IS THAT HE FIGURED HE MAY BE BLAMED FOR LETTING THE RAILS BE STOLEN, AND HE DOESN'T ASK TO COME BACK ON THE JOB!



THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO STOP AROUND HERE... THE HOTEL IN TOWN!



NO, SIR! BUT HE NEVER DID SHOW UP THIS MORNING AFTER HIS NIGHT WORKMAN'S SHIFT!



MY NAME'S LACE LARUE! I'M A FORMER MARSHAL! WOULD YOU HAVE A KEY FOR HENDERSON'S ROOM? I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK IN THERE!

YES, SIR!



NO ONE WOULD SKIP TOWN AND LEAVE ALL THAT MONEY BEHIND!



SIX-GUN HEROES

BUT BACK AT THE CONSTRUCTION SHACK...

YOU SAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS WAS HIDDEN UNDERNEATH THE MATTERING? I'LL BE A RAG-DOLLED IDIOT IF I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW HUTCH COULD HAVE SAID THAT MUCH MONEY ON WHAT HEARD AS HIS NIGHT-WARDENMAN! BUT AS FOR THIS PICTURE - IT'S HUTCH HIMSELF! HE'S THE WIRELESS COMMUNIST I EVER MET AND HE'S ALWAYS GOT AT LEAST ONE PICTURE OF HIMSELF ON HIM!

I HAD HOPED THIS PICTURE WOULD GIVE ME A LEAD. I CAN'T FIGURE MY NEXT MOVE SINCE HUTCH'S DISAPPEARANCE SEEMS TO BE JUST AS PORTENTOUS AS THE DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUR RAILS!



BUT THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES ARE REALLY NOT PORTENTOUS! FOR THIRTY MILES AWAY IN THE RED-ROCKS TOWN OF WILDCOT...

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, HUTCH?

YOU LOOK AS FRIGHTENED AS I FEEL. AS IT IS, I'VE GOT A SICKEN!

WHO' BE FRIGHTENED, TOO, IF YOU KNEW WHAT I DO FOR BOSS. BUSINESS, GOT HIM AND CALLED IN THE LAW! YOU TOLD ME, KID, NO ONE COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN IF I TOOK ONE SECTION OF RAIL AT A TIME!



YOU GOT NO COMPLAINTS, HUTCH? I HAD YOU WILL FOR THOSE WORTHLESS SECTIONS OF RAILS... \$500!

I WOULDN'T FEEL SO NERVOUS IF I AT LEAST KNEW WHAT YOU WERE AVOIDING TO USE THEM FOR!



THE SITUATION IS CHANGED SO I RECKON I CAN TELL YOU! NEXT TIME A GOLD-TRAIN RUNS THROUGH THESE HILLS PARTS, MY AIM TO DISRUPT THE REGULAR RAILWAY TRUCKS AND USE THE RAILS YOU SOLD ME TO MAKE A LINE WHICH WOULD BE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO CARRY THE GOLD-TRAIN INTO A CAVE IN THE HILLS WHERE WE CAN LOOT IT!

YOU MUST BE JOKING, AND I AM SURE YOU'VE BEEN OVER THE ROUTE CHECK, WOULD NOTICE THE TURN-OFF AND STOP THE TRAIN!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT! I USED TO BE A RAILROAD ENGINEER MYSELF! BEFORE I GOT ROBBED DEAD!

BUT EVEN IF YOU GOT AWAY WITH IT, WHEN THE LAW WOULD FIND THE NEW LINE OF TRACK AND FORCE THE TRAIN INTO THE CAVE, THERE'D BE NOBODY TO TIE THE ROBBERY UP WITH EITHER YOU OR ME!



WE AIM TO PICK UP THE NEW LINE OF TRACKS RIGHT AFTER THE GOLD-TRAIN RIDES OVER IT! THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF THE LAW FINDING THEM, AND AS FOR THE TRAIN ITSELF - AS SOON AS WE LOOT IT, WE AIM TO BLOW THE CRIME UP AND IT WITH IT!

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THIS, BOY? IT'S SO SCARED HE MIGHT GIVE US AWAY BEFORE WE GET A CHANCE TO PULL THE JOB!



SIX-GUN HEROES



DON'T YEAH HEAR ME
A-UP THIS SITUATION
HAG CHAINED? I
WON'T HART WITH
TO DIE WITH ANY
UNANSWERED
QUESTIONS ON
MY MIND!

OH!
(SOUL!)



THAT AMT NO OTHER
WHY OUT, HUGH? I
C-WIT LIT YUH SO
GLASSING ALL YUH
BACH

I SWEAR, NO!
I WON'T
OPEN MY
MOUTH! I'LL
DO JACK AND
GET MY \$500
AND GO! IT!



JUST HART AN ANSWER
OF? I'VE HAD DELIVERED
RIGHT AFTER THEY DIS-
COVERED THE PASSENGER
RAILS, TRIPPED HIS BOUND
TO SUBJECT YUH I WILL
TALK HADG BURE THAT
WEE THEY PRO YUH--
YEH, BE IN NO
FORTHIN TO
THAT!

NOW
YOU'RE
WALKING
SERIES!
NO!
WELL
THAT
MY BODY
AND DUMP
IT IN THE
HILLS!



TA FOR
GIVE LATER...

ANY CLUES YET,
LASH?

NO, HIGGINS, I'VE FOUND NO TRACE OF YOUR
WEDDING RIGHT WICKHAM, AND NOT A SOUL HAD
MADE AN ATTEMPT TO STEAL ONE OF THESE
NEW RAILS YOU ORDERED!



---BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO
KEEP GUARD YOURSELF FOR A FEW
DAYS! I GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE
DEPT. BUREAU ASKING ME TO
REPORT TO THE SHERIFF AT MID-
NOON! HE SAYS IT'S URGENT!

DON'T WASH! Thanks
I'VE BEEN SO BUSY
THAT NO MARCH, I
CAN'T REMEMBER THEM
MYSELF!



REARVIEW, IN THE HILLS OF WILDOOT...

IT'S JUST AS RO
FOURD! THESE
RAILS STRUT ALL
THE WAY FROM THE
CARE TO THE MAIN
ROADWAY LINE! ALL
WE HAVE TO DO NOW
IS DISCONNECT THE
REGULAR TRACKS AND
ATTACH THESE!

THAT'S EASY!
I ONLY HOPE
NOTHING GOES
WRONG WITH
BOY'S TAKING
OVER THE
GOLD TRAIN!

DON'T FRET
ABOUT BOY!
HE KNOWS
KNOWS WHAT
HE'S DOING!

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

WILE AT THE WILDCOOT SHERIFF'S OFFICE ...



"AND, LASH, THERE WAS NOTHING ON THE BODY WE FOUND IN THE HILLS EXCEPT THIS KISS PICTURE !

LET'S SEE IT, SHERIFF !



WHY, IT'S BOB HENDERSON, THE BOYT WARCHMAN ! HE BEEN LOOKING FOR I WANT NAW HE DOES ALL THE WAY OVER HERE ?

JUST KNOWING WHO HE WAS, LASH, MAKES YOU KNOW A HUNDRED PERCENT MORE ABOUT HIM THAN I DO !



IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, SHERIFF ! THE GOLD TRAIN HEADS THIS WAY FROM LANTERN GULCH !

MISSING ! HOW COULD A WHOLE TRAIN DISAPPEAR ! IT MUST HAVE BEEN DELAYED ON ROUTE !



LOOK, SHERIFF, THE LANTERN GULCH TELE-GRAPHETER, ISSUED ME WHEN THE GOLD TRAIN LEFT THE DEPOT ! WHEN IT GOT NIT ABOVE HEAR, ON TIME, I RODE OUT MYSELF AND RODE ALL THE WAY TO LANTERN GULCH AND NEVER PASSED THE TRAIN ! I TELL YOU IT'S DISAPPEARED !

BUT A TRAIN JUST COULDN'T VANISH !



NOT UNLESS SOMEONE BUILT A CONNECTING LINE TO SEND THE TRAIN OFF IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION !

WHY ?

FOOT ?



THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW ! BUT IS THERE ANY PLACE BETWEEN WILDCOOT AND LANTERN GULCH BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE THE GOLD TRAIN IN ?

NO--

NO !



...WANT A SECOND ! YES, THERE IS--THERE'S A CAVE IN THE HILLS SO NEAR THE HILLS CALL IT THE MELLOW MOUNTAIN ! YOU COULD HIDE A TRAIN IN THERE, ALL RIGHT !

I'LL RIDE OUT AND CHECK ! IN THE MEANWHILE, SHERIFF, ROUND UP A POSSE AND INSPECT THE TRAINING LINE ! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY TRACE OF WHERE THE TRACK MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH TO ADD A NEW SECTION, JUST IN CASE THE CAVE WAS THE RIGHT PLACE !

SIX-GUN HEROES

SHORTLY AFTER...

OHAY, MON, WE'VE GOT ALL THE GOLD OUT! NOW LET'S GO AND BURN UP THE CAVE! THERE'LL BE NO TRACE OF ANYTHING OR ANY-ONE TO BE UP WITH THIS ROBBERY!

BUT WAIT THEN....

NO, YEH AND THE MEN GOT BACK IN THE CAVE! SCARFARDS READING THIS PAGE!

OHAY, BUT HOLD YOUR FIRE! I DON'T AIN TO ATTRACT ANY ATTENTION AROUND HERE UNTIL AFTER THE BURN UP THE CAVE! IF THAT MONKERS HADN'T OPEN US, HE'LL BE EASY TO HANDLES!

THE MOVING MARSHAL HAS NOT SEEN THEM....

AND BEFORE THE SURPRISING KING OF THE BULL, HEAT CAN MAKE A MOVE..

THEN LASH REGARD CONSCIOUSNESS...

YEH ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR THE PARTY! YEH CAN JOIN THE OTHERS FOR THE BURN-OUT THE GOT PLANNED ---OR SHOULD I SAY BLOW-UP!

THAT WANTS NOT KIDDING WHEN HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO BURN US UP! I RECOGNIZE HIM! HE'S BOO GANGE! THAT MAD-HEIN WOULD DROP AT NOTHING!

WE'LL ALL BE A LONG TIME DEAD IF WE DON'T ACT FAST! DO YOU THINK YOUR TEETH ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL THESE BONES AROUND MY HANDS LOOSE IF I BOLL OVER! CHARGE YOU!

HE GOT STRONG-TEETH! I KILL MY WANT IT'S COUNDED WORTH A TRY!

SECONDS LATER....

THAT DID IT! NOW IF I CAN GET THE ROCKS OFF MY FEET I'LL FREE THE REST OF YOU!

WOW! IF YEH TAKE TIME TO DO THAT WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN TO STEEL OUR BEST BET TO FLEE YEH TO SEE IF YEH CAN STOP THEM FROM DYNAMITING THE CAVE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY YEH CAN SAVE ALL OF US!

SIX-GUN HEROES

CHARGE THE BULLWAMP FROM HIS SADDLE, LASH LEAVE FOLLOWING THE TAIL OF CYCLOPSITE AND ...



WITH BULLET-LIKE SPEED, LASH WREN PUTS HIS BULL HORN INTO ACTION...



But with the delicate touch of a great musician, the Böhm National brings the box to life—*and* without setting it off.



THEY DID IT! EVERYBODY IN THE
CAVE IS SAFE NOW...ALTHOUGH
I KNOW THAT'S MORE THAN
YOU CAN FORGIVE ME.

SURROUND HIM, MEN!
NO WOMEN! NO WOMEN!
GOING TO RUIN MY MONTHS
OF PLANNING. I SHOOT
TO KILL!



I KNOW THEY'RE CLIPPING UP ON ME FROM BEHIND, TOO, SO NO MATTER WHICH WAY I TURN SOMEBODY CAN GET ME IN THE BACK!



BUT THE ROOMING MARSHAL IS JUST AS HANDY WITH HIS SIX-GUN AS HE IS WITH HIS BULL WHIP AND...

I DON'T LIKE DOING TWO THINGS
AT ONCE, BUT YOU KNOW
YOU'VE GOT TO USE ANY CHOICE.



...ONE THING TO GET AWAY,
BUT HE'S NOT GOING VERY FAR.
FIRST ALL THE 'YOU' BONGS, IF SO
THE NEXT NAME AND PLANS
TO LEAVE!



SIX-GUN HEROES

LASH CREATES UP WITH BO BY A FLYING LEAP...AND BOON WAS HIM OVERPOWERED.



9-STEP...I HAD ENOUGH...D-DON'T HIT ME AGAIN...

DEEDY---SET UP...NOW TO JOE YOUR SLUGGERS!



HOW FORTH OWN LINE AND HEAD TO CHARGE THE ONE! WHERE I CAN PROSE THE OTHERS!



THE GUN SHOTS ATTRACT THE SHERIFF AND THE posse AND AFTER LASH EXPLAINS...

ALL I CAN SAY LASH IS YUN DO ONE GREAT JOB! YOU'VE GOT ALL THE SANDS ROUNDED UP! THIS CASE IS FINISHED!

NOT QUITE, SHERIFF! I'LL NEED A WHOLE TEAM TO DO THAT!



LATER...



THE VILLAGE PALE-HOOTING!

WHEAT HAVE YUN GOT THAT, LASH?

WELL I START ON A CASE, I DON'T LIKE TO LEAVE ANY-THING UNFINISHED!

YUN CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, LASH! YOU'RE THE MOST THOROUGH AND BEST MARSHAL I'VE EVER SEEN!



SIX-GUN HEROES

UNITED ARTISTS' LATEST WITH... ROD CAMERON, JOHN IRLEAND AND JOANNE DRAE IN **CAMELS WEST!** THE CHANGING, BLOOD-CRACKED ANGLERS BOSS DOWN ON THEM—HE LIVES FOR THE SIGHT OF EVERY TWISTY END IN THE WAGON-CARNIVAL, AND ROD CAMERON KNOWS IT'S A SHOOTING FIGHT—ESPECIALLY WHEN THE OWLS, BARONS AND FOWLS THAT WHITE-HAIRTS' WORDS WILL FALL... SO THE ONLY THING HE COULD DO WAS STAY AS ONE LIFE AGAINST THE BROWN HORSE IN A LAST-BOG GAMBLE TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO RODE...

CAMELS WEST! *

with
Rod Cameron



GALLOPPED ACROSS THE NEW MEXICO DESERT, AFTER A BARRICADE, TWO A FEW DAYS AWAY FROM THE PIONEER, INTO THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY (AND MCDONALD, HIS SWEETHEART, LIZ, AND HER BROTHER, JIM, THE CHILD AS ALWAYS OVER...

WE'LL BE REACHED THE MOUNTAINS PRETTY SOON! HE CAN BACK-TRACK ON THE ROAD, ONE MORE TIME! BUT DON'T WORRY—KEEP GOING! HURRY!

LET'S GO, CUT! I'LL BE SOON IF WE DON'T ATTEND TO IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE TWO PRISONERS TWO HAVE REACHED A SAFE HOME-OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS...

AND INTO OUR OWN IF WE DON'T HURRY! IT IS HERE, BABY! LOOK—THESE THY ONLY AND THEY WERE! BEEN IS!

WE'RE SAFE FOR A WHILE! SAFE!



SIX-GUN HEROES

HOW IS MR. HONEY?
THEY SAYS HONEY
GOT HIM RIGHT IN
THE BACK!

WE GOT TO BRING A DOCTOR HERE,
CURT! ALL THE AGENTS YOU SEE
WENT GOING TO HELP JES NOW!
THERE'S A TOWN NEAR HERE. SA
GOING TO TRY AND FIND A DOC.



AGAINST CURT'S WARNING, LAY DOWN INTO TOWN. BUT ALSO
THERE IS BOB CHAMBERLAIN, ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION TO LEAD
A CAMEL CARAVAN ALONG THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT,
PROVING THAT CAMELS CAN BE PRACTICAL BEASTS OF BURDEN,
NEEDNANTS FOR THE DOCTOR...

SURE WHEN WE GET THE ROAD
COULD GO WITH YOU, JES!
THEY'RE GOING TO BE A MISTAKE
IMPORTANT ONE! BUT MAMMA
AND THE ROAD GOING FIRST!

I KNOW, CAL. — JACK
CAMELS ARE BEING
FOOD FOR THEIR MULES
IN THE DESERT. WE CAN
START BRAYING ALL OUR
SUPPLIES THROUGH THE
DESERT!



THAT DOC FROM ST. LOUIS
AINT HERE YET! SAYS
YOU'RE GOING AWAY!
LEAVE WITHOUT HIM! HE
WASNT ON THE SNEAK-
COACH!

YOU'RE RIGHT, THE CHAMBERLAIN'S
WAITING. TELL THE DOCTOR
TO MEET US ON THE
RAILROADS ROAD.
AGGEE.



GOODBYE, BOB! BE
CAREFUL! THE APACHES
ARE GETTING RESTLESS!
AND YOU'RE GOING THROUGH
APACHE TERRITORY!

SUPPOSE CURT WANTS
TO MEET THE DOCTOR ON
THEY CHAMBERLAIN. WE
COULD GO CLEAR TO
CALIFORNIA AND THAT
POSSIBLE NEVER FIND US!



LAY WANTS FOR THE DOCTOR TO RIDE IN
MUCH LATER, AND CHAMBERLAIN HAS TO
DANGER HIS BROTHER BEFORE JOINING
THE CAMEL. LATER, AT THE RODEOUT...



THERE ARE ALL
FIVE MORE
RODEOS, WE
BORN DEAD OF
LEAD POISONING!

DOC—NOW
WOULD YOU LIKE TO
MAKE YOURSELF A
THOUSAND DOLLARS
DANGEROUS
PLACES ON
THEY CHAMBERLAIN?

SURE—I HAD NO MARRIAGE
TO GO IN THE FIRST PLACE!
BUT THIS THOUSAND IS
FOUR TIMES THE MONEY
CHAMBERLAIN WOULD PAY ME!
I'VE GOT A DEAL!

THEY
MEET
THE
NEW
DOC
STRAIGHT!



LIVED MUCH LATER, THAT DAY...



SO LONG, HONEY!
I'LL BE BACK!
FOR YOU AT THE
CAMEL!

AS SOON AS
JES CAN GET
ON HIS FEET
CURT GOODBYE!

SIX-GUN HEROES

COULDN'T LATER, JUST MCDONALD, POSING AS DOC STRATHER, FACES FOG CAMERON DURING THE DASHOUT TOWARDS THE DESERT...

THIS HERE'S TALL TALK--THE BEST SCOUT ALIVE. DOC KNOWS THAT YOU GOT HERE, WE NEED A MEDICAL MAN ON THIS TRIP!

WELL, I'VE MISSED THIS SPEEDY FOR ANYTHING I OULD TO BE HERE!



THE HOUSE OF DRAIN LENGTHEN INTO THE BLAZING HEAT OF DAY. THE BUREAU OF CONTINUES TOWARDS THE POSTS THAT WILL TAKE IT INTO THE GREAT DESERT. BUT AS THE MEN STOP TO WATER THEIR HORSES...



HOLD IT, HONNERS! DON'T MAKE ONE HORSE MOVE!

WELL...WELL...POSTER, FOG CAMERON HIMSELF--PAID A FUROR OF SPEECH POWER. JUST THE THING WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! SEEMS TO ME I GUESS YOUR FRIEND BEFORE, CAMERON!

WELL--BUT MORE STAMPAH'S RESPONSIBLE BY ANYWAYS, TALL! DON'T FORGET IT!



WHY YOU--I'LL --GRRHH--H!

YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING, SPOTTY! YOU'RE TOO DUMB!



BAM! BAM! BAM!

FOR A DOC YOURS MIGHTY FAST! WITH YOUR GUNS, DITION!

EVEN MEDICAL MEN HAVE TO SHOOT FIRST WHEN THE YER'S SURE, POSTER CAMERON! THOSE BANNERS WEREN'T FOGGY!



HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO SHOOT STRAIGHT, DOC! I--BEEH IN GOOD, BUT THAT'S A GUN-SLINGER'S TALK IF I EVER SAW ONE!

WELL, BUT THE KEEP AN EYE ON DOC STRATHER, TALL TALL! I GOT A FEELIN' HE'LL NEED IT!



SIX-GUN HEROES

WHAT RIGHT, AN EXHAUSTED LEO
REACHES THE CAMP AND SECRETLY
REKS CLINT BEFORE THE OTHERS WAKE
...BROTHERS ARE...

JES CRICK, CLINT,
AND THE HORSE IS
COMING TO THE
LOOKING FOR US.
WHAT ARE WE DOING
TO GO TO CALIFORNIA.
IS A LONG WAY OFF.



SURE IT IS—BUT
WE'LL GET THERE!
THERE'S ONE
THING I WANT
ATTENTION: BRASS
MONEY. STICK
WITH ME AND
WE'LL BE LEAVIN'
EASY!

REMEMBER NOW!
WE DON'T KNOW
EACH OTHER, BUT
IT'S EASY!



AND KNOWS HOW
LATE TO JOIN OUR
EXPEDITION, ANOTHER
CHANCE. SHE JUST
RODE UP OUT OF NOWH
APPEARS SHE WAS
TRYING TO CATCH A
WAGON TRAIN AND
GET LOST!

WELL, WELCOME
HERE, MISS
MURPHY. I'LL
TRY TO ACCOM-
MODATE YOU
AS BEST WE
CAN.

THANK YOU
MURPHY, IT'S A
BIG RELIEF!



THE DAYS WERE SWIFT AND WITH MUCH HARDWORK, LEO AND
CLINT SOON LEFT THE SPOT OF THE CAMP—BUT ONLY
OUTWARDLY. LEO, HOWEVER, BEGINS TO NOTICE THE
COURAGE OF BOO CHANSON.

STAYAWAY,
CHAMSON! STAY
BOY! BUT AGAIN
THEY RIDE!



HE'S RISKING HIS LIFE FOR THE
CAMPERS! WHY DOES HE DO IT?
HE'S NOT MAKING A PLANNED GET-
OUT OF IT!

CHAMSON AND ANNA ARE DOING WITH RISKING LIFE AND WATCHING
THE SKILL WITH DEATH!

DOWN, BOY!
WELL, "GODS"
DOWN!



CLINT WOULDN'T LEFT A FINGER
TO HELP FOLKS IN A MILLION YEARS!

PAT RICKS' COURAGE AND SKILL ARE MATCHED ONLY BY HIS
KNOWLEDGE TO OUTWIT...

HE'S GOING TO HAVE IT BY THE TIME
THE BRANCH CAN HOLD UP. YOU'LL BE THE
BEST CAMEL RIDER THIS SIDE OF
THE MOUNTAINS!



WELL, FURTHER
CHAMSON! I AM CHAM-
SON. ALL, BOO CHAMSON!
GOODBY, BOO! (GOODBY!)

LEFT BE THE BEST
BOY IN THE ENTIRE
CALIFORNIA, BOO LAY IT
THINK HE'S GREAT!



YES, TOMMY, THERE AREN'T MANY
OTHER GOOD BOYS! HE MAKES THE
BEST RIDER BECAUSE HE'S FREE—
AND OTHER PEOPLE KNOW!

SIX-GUN HEROES

THE CAMELS MOVE ON AND FINALLY REACH THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT. BUT NOW ANOTHER DRAGON APPEARS.

ARCHER: BOO! THEY BOTH FOLLOWING US EVER SINCE WE ROSE OFF THE ALBUQUERQUE ROUTE. WE CAN BE BUSY-WASSED ANYTIME THEY WANT US!

THE ARCHER LOOKS UPON CAMELS AS GOOD. "TALK TALK! THEY WON'T TOUCH US AS LONG AS THE CAMELS HOLD OUT!"



IN MEANWHILE, THAT NIGHT, ONE OF THE THUNDER DRAGON HAS DISCOVERED CURT'S SECRET AND THREATENS TO EXPOSE HIM...

OTHER YOU GET ME BACK HERE - YOU CAMEL AND THE PLOT AND OUT!

ALL RIGHT, CAROL, YOU'RE IN.



AND WE'LL GET TO IT THAT THE CAMELS HOLD OUT! THAT'S WHY WE'RE ON THIS EXPEDITION! IF WE'RE NEEDS, THEN WE WON'T BE A LIE TO CORRUPT IT!

KNOWING IT WILL BE JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE ALL WILL BECOME THEIR OWNERS. CLINT AND LET MANAGE TO KEEP UP WITH THE BLUE ARMY. BUT WITH CURT'S A BAD HAND TO THE CAMELS. THREE DAYS LATER IN THE BLAZING, SANDY DESERT...

HOW IS SHE DOING? CAMELS ARE SUPPOSED TO SEND UP BATTERY HORSES FOR RALLIES IN THE DESERT!

THEY CAN TALK TALK, BUT THE CURT'S LIE IS BROKEN! I'VE BEEN GOING TO HAVE TO SHOOT HER - FASTER AS I HATE DOING IT!



AFTER HOUR AFTERWARDS, HIS TASK FINISHED, BOO STANDS UP THE CAMELS...



OUT ALONG, BOO! FROM HERE ON IN WE'RE RIDING OUR HORSES TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE DESERT! NO WATER AND NO SAVINGS! AND THE NEXT WATERHOLE'S A HUNDRED MILES AWAY!



BOO'S HOPE THAT THE ARCHER WON'T FIND THE BURIED CAMEL IS SHORT-LIVED. FOR FOLLOWING RIGHT BEHIND THEM, THE ARCHER WANTS TO UP THE DEAD AS WELL AS BOO!

THE WHITE-HEAD, HAVE BELIEVED US! WE WERE LOOK UPON CAMELS AS GOOD (JUST WITHIN OUR OWN EYES THAT THEY ARE NOT!

FROM ME AND WERE TO TAKE EVERY NAME-WE SCALP WE WISH! ONWARD, BROTHERS!



AS MARCHING OF ANOTHER BLAZING DAY FINDS THE CAMELS EXHAUSTED IN SEARCH OF WATER FOR THE DRINKING AND HORSES, AND TRAIL-HEAD, WHILE CAMELS IN A ONLY WATERHOLE FOR WATER. MEETS WITH A MOON, ACCIDENT!

WATCH OUT, BROTHER!

UP, BROTHER!



SIX-GUN HEROES



CURT IS SENT FOR, AND STRAWMAN TALKS HIM DOWN. BUT HIS KICKING IS CLIMAX AND RELESS, AND AN RE SPARES HIS CALIFORNIA TO ACC...

LET'S THROUGH, CAMERON. NOBODY CAN SURVIVE A LEAD BETTER FOR LONG. ALL I CAN FOR HIM!

THAT IS NOT TRUE! BOTH OF US ARE HERE UNDER FALSE PRETENSES! WE'RE NO DOCTORS! AND WE'RE NOT A TEAM! WE'RE JUST TWO MEN! WE SHOULD BURNED THE BANK AT PIONEER CREDIT, AND I WOULD HIM DO IT!



SIX-GUN HEROES

BUT THE APPROX. HAVE FORCED THE WATER HOLE TO MAKE THIS ATTACK... CUTTING OFF ALL CHANCE OF ESCAPE. THEY RIDE DOWN ON THE CARRIAGE!

W-I-W-I... GIMME TO ALL THE WHITE-EYES!

FORM A CIRCLE, BOYS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



QUARTER LATER, THE COWBOY RINGS WITH THE YELLS OF BLOOD-CHARGED SHAPES, BULLETS, AND THE SOUND OF CHAINS!

LOOK--BONNIE'S COMIN'! THE OTHER WAY!

IT'S WYDONALD! HE PROMISED BRAND THE SHOTS!



CLINT, BRING A CHARGE OF HORSE! WAS RETURNED TO THE CHARIOT AND TELLER HE WAS FIGHTING OUT THEIR PLANT FROM BART! THE WAGON DRIVER WAS DOWN OUT AFTER HIM TO STEAL CLINT'S BARK LIGHT...

BART DROVE ON ME--AND I HAD TO KILL HIM! BUT NOT BEFORE I KILLED OUT THAT WAS PEOPLE HAD BRIGHTENED THE WAGON ON MY PLAN! I'LL DEAR 'EM OFF WITH THIS WHOLE WHILE YOU MEN COME ON THEM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

IT'S YOUR PROBLEM, WYDONALD! LET'S GO!



AND SECONDS LATER--DRIVEN BACK ON TOWARDS THE BARBERS...

W-I-W-I... KILL THAT WHITE-NECK!

HOPE BOB CAMERON'S BORN HEAVY TO HIS TOWARDS THE REAR! I SURE WANTS TO TALK 'EM UP! HATER TO ME IF HE'S NOT AROUND!



AND JUST AS THE APPROX. DROVE NEAR TO CLINT...

HOPES THE SHOWDOWN, BOYS! DON'T GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO RUN BACK!



AND LATER, WHEN THE BATTLE IS OVER...

HARRIS, THE BARK, BOYS! BOYS! I WANT IT BACK TO THE! I'M GONNA GO SORRY! I'LL DEAR 'EM OFF WITH THIS WHOLE WHILE YOU MEN COME ON THEM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

YOU'VE HAVE TO STAND TALL, BUT DON'T RUN! BUT AFTER THAT YOU DO NEED, IN SURE THE AUTOCORRECTION WILL TAKE IT INTO CONSIDERATION!



THAT'S ALL WE ASKED! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING! THANKS FOR SAVING CLINT! DECEIVING WAS BEST OF ALL!

THIS WAS THE BEST! FOR POLICE! LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP! SURE!



RANGE WAR

Hearing the sound of hammering, Sheriff Gage Harrow of Buckskin, Grant County, Nevada, got up out of his chair and went outside, promptly.

"What in tarnation's goin' on here?" he began, and stopped.

Joe Kendrick, who owned the Crazy Bear spread four miles west of town, stepped back from the public bulletin board.

"I'm just takin' advantage of my rights as a citizen, Gage!" he stated flatly. "Somebody stole my horse span' off my own spread last night, and I'm postin' a reward!"

"All right, all right, Joe," Sheriff Harrow muttered.

"Smatter, Sheriff, what's eatin' ya?" Joe Kendrick asked. "That squabble between Tate Carson and Bill Quesed still goin' on?"

The Sheriff nodded wearily.

"Tate publicly threatened to shoot any more of Bill's sheep if they strayed onto Tate's grazin' spread," Harrow sighed. "Trouble is half the ranchers hereabouts raise sheep and the others raise cattle, and you know what sheep do to cattle grazin' land! Cattle just eat the tops off the grass, but sheep tear up the roots every which way."

"I'm sure glad I'm raisin' wheat," Joe Kendrick said. Then he glanced up at the bulletin board. "Course, I've got my own troubles," he finished wryly. An instant later he looked up at the Sheriff in astonishment. "Hey, what's wrong?"

Sheriff Harrow was staring down the main street. Kendrick followed the direction of his eyes and gasped. Tate Carson, his face as black as a thundercloud with anger was riding down the street.

"Somethin' happened, that's sure!" Harrow said.

"Beckon Tate's got it in for Bill Quesed again?"

"Why sure, if Quesed's sheep strayed onto Tate's pastures," the Sheriff said, tensely. "And I reckon they did!"

Tate Carson's progress down the street drew many curious glances. The whole town had been kept tense by the threat of an outbreak of range war between the cattle ranchers on one side and the sheep-hardens on the other. Once that came, they knew it would result in plenty of blood-shed.

He rode on his horse up to the Sheriff's office and stopped. For a full minute it seemed to Sheriff Harrow that a lightning storm had moved in and hovered over his office, as

Carson raved.

"And that ain't all!" said the cattle rancher. "You know as well as I do, Gage, that this drought has got fodder and grass at a premium. I can't afford to lose grazin' ground!"

"There's enough to go 'round!" Gage Harrow said insistently.

"Well, if there is, then why did Bill Quesed steal his sheep over onto my land last night?" Carson raged. "I told you that no-good sheep-harder's crookedder than a lightning bolt!"

"Quesed's as honest a man as you are!" Gage Harrow grated. "And I'm not goin' to have both of you at each other's throats. Probably some of his sheep may have broken out of a corral, and . . ."

"Some of his sheep?" Tate Carson's eyes bulged. "That pasture of mine looks as though five hundred head of bleaters grazed over it last night." Abruptly he bowed, his head swiveling slightly to one side.

"Thunderation!" the Sheriff said hoarsely. "Here comes Bill Quesed! Now listen, Tate, you've been makin' public threats, and I won't have it. And what's more . . ."

"I wouldn't be employed if Quesed reined your horse, Joe," Tate Carson sneered loudly. "Any neck-head who'd let sheep rip up a valuable range would be anything!"

The man on the horse coming up to the Sheriff's office went white as he heard Tate Carson's words.

"Why you lyin' . . ."

Bill Quesed's right hand dropped suddenly from his saddle horn, lashed like a whip toward his holster.

"Look out, Sheriff!" Joe Kendrick yelled. In front of the Sheriff, Tate Carson wasn't idle. His eye had seen the incredibly fast motion of Bill Quesed's hand first — and his own wasn't far behind.

On every side people who had paused to watch, scattered.

For an instant there was a deep silence. Then Bang! Bang!

A cloud of gun-smoke enveloped the two men. When it cleared, what remained of the crowd gasped. The gun-bands of Tate Carson and Bill Quesed were empty.

Sheriff Harrow walked 'round each of the horses, picked up the guns he'd shot from Tate Carson and Bill Quesed's respective gun-bands and handed them back to their owners.

"A mite scratched," he commented laconically. Then he burst out in tones of thunder. "Now listen, I'm puttin' both of you men

SIX-GUN HEROES

under peace bonds — right now, and in the eyes of the people! If either of you busts it, you'll forfeit a thousand dollars, and I've got a nice cool cell where one — or both — of you can stay for a month! Is that understood?"

Tate Carson said nothing; neither did Bill Quesed.

"Sheriff, I've got nothin' against ya," Quesed said. "You're a peace officer, and anything you do to preserve peace is legal and above-board. But I tell the way I want to act. You can't come after me if I break the peace — but not before!"

"Some hard!" Tate Carson growled.

Then both men wheeled and rode off in opposite directions.

Turning on his heel, Gage went back into his office, sat down and thought it over. He knew he'd have to wait at least three days until he could examine Carson's range pastures. It was round-up time, and the pastures would be crowded with cattle. Close observation of the ground would be impossible.

On the morning of the fourth day, on the cattle were being led to gathering points for the market trek a week hence, Harrow decided to act. The pastures were empty, new, though tension between Carson and Quesed continued to rise. He knew that one or two more meetings in town between the men, without some solution of their basic differences, would bring with it irreconcilable trouble.

Out on Carson's spread, he went over the sheep-raised pastures carefully, noting the characteristic damage done to the grass by the bleaters. At one patch he reined in suddenly, got off his horse to examine the ground more carefully. Turning, at last, to remount his horse, he noticed a distant figure galloping off as a horse.

Not wasting another moment, he rode off to Carson's and Quesed's ranch-houses, got them to agree to meet him that night out on the cattle pastures. Suddenly, puzzled, both reluctantly gave their promise, asked for the meeting spot and time and got it.

Precisely at the last vestige of light left the Western sky, Sheriff Harrow rode up to the appointed spot, dismounted and made his horse lie down on its side. Several moments later Carson and Quesed cantered up. With some difficulty, Harrow persuaded them to make their own horses lie down.

"With the horses flat they'll be perfectly invisible, and we can hide behind 'em," He glanced nervously at both men. "You see, gentlemen, I got a hunch neither of you two are at fault. Of course it's just a hunch . . ."

He broke off. "Down! Somebody's coming!" As they hid, a wagon came bumping over the pastures. It stopped fifty yards away. Three

men got out and began digging a huge hole in the ground. Then, with ropes, they began pulling something bulky from the hole into the wagon.

"Ready?" Harrow asked his companions quietly. "Alright — now!"

All three men leaped to their feet, six-guns flashing from holsters. The other three men passed, startled, then they dropped the ropes and went for their own shooting irons. The Sheriff's guns blazed; one man fell with a scream. Then Tate Carson's gun brought down another. The man in the middle whirled, tried to run. A blast from Bill Quesed stopped him dead in his tracks. Harrow strode over to him, kicked him over as he whimpered.

"Just as I thought," he said grimly. "It's Joel!"

"Joe Hendricks!" Carson and Quesed gasped. "That be . . ."

"I never suspected Joe might be guilty," the Sheriff said, "until I noticed he didn't follow up on that horse theft. That first time he made was his last — and that wasn't like Joe. He never mentioned that horse again. So I figured Joe might have lost his horse in some way — and claimed it was stolen, as a blind lie. I was sure something was wrong when I rode out here today. My horse's nose led me to a patch of ground that looked as though it had been dug up and covered over. Then I saw a waddy watching me. He beat it. I figured he knew somethin' was buried here and would come back at night to remove it. And I was right. It was Joe's horse buried here. It broke its legs the night Joe and some hired thugs ran through here with these special horseshoes on their hoofs."

"Special horseshoes? But why? What's that got to do with Bill Quesed's sheep?"

Harrow pointed to the dead horse, indicated its shod hoofs.

"These spiked horseshoes simulated the damage sheep do to grass. But Joe's horse tripped on them. They couldn't remove the body that night. So Joe pointed that reward to cover the loss of his horse, thinking to pick it up later, after round-up, and destroy the body. We'll probably find half-a-dozen more sets of horseshoes like those of Joe's ranch. As for motive, I reckon Joe's grain was dyin' faster from drought than we knew. He figured on gettin' you two sore at each other, kill each other in a range war, and bid on your spreads cheap. By selling your cattle and sheep he'd be able to tide himself over and cash in even more next year." Harrow glanced sternly at the whimpering Hendricks. "You should have taken a loss in wheat, Joe," he said steadily. "Instead of the loss of five years of your liberty in State's prison."

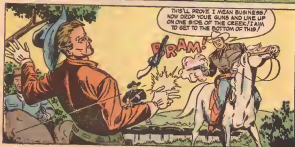
SIX-GUN HEROES

TEX RITTER

AND "THE RANGE WAR"

THAT BAKSY WHO
REPORTED A RANGE WAR
BETWEEN THE BAE "C" AND
DOUBLE "X" SURE WASN'T
KIDDING ...

WOLD: YOUR WIFE!
THIS IS THE PEACEMAKE
RANGER, TEX RITTER!
I WARN YOU... THE
NEXT ONE TO USE HIS
SHOVE GUN GETS A
BULLET FROM ME!



SIX-GUN HEROES

IT'S ALL DWIGHT'S FAULT! THIS WATER HOLE BELONGS TO ME! WHEN I DECIDED NOT TO LET HIM USE IT ANY LONGER, HE POISONED IT SO MY CATTLE'D DIE!

THAT'S A LIE ... LOOK AT THOSE DEAD STEERS! YOU'LL FIND AS MANY OF MINE AMONG THEM AS CLAUSSEN'S!



THAT'S TRUE, CLAUSSEN!

WOULD ANYONE IN HIS EIGHT MIND CLAIM THAT I'D POISON MY OWN CATTLE JUST TO BITE HIM?



BUT IF CLAUSSEN ORDERED YOU TO STAY AWAY, WHAT WERE YOU COME DOING DRINKING FROM THE CREEK, DWIGHT?

EVERY TIME WE HAVE AN ARGUMENT HE DECEIVES ME AWAY FROM THE CREEK ... SO I JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM! BUT THIS TIME ...



... AS THE CATTLE STARTED TO DIE, HE PULLED HIS GUN ON ME, AND ... WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!

IF NEITHER OF YOU POISONED THE CREEK, THEN WHO DID ...?



I DON'T LIKE TO MAKE ANY ACCUSATIONS, TEX, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE HORSEMAN WHO'D GIVE UP BOTH OF US LOST OUR CATTLE ...



SPEAK UP, CLAUSSEN! THIS IS NO TIME TO BE COY!

WELL ... DECE DENTON'S BEEN AFTER BOTH OF US TO SELL HIM OUR SPREAD! WE REFUSED, BUT HE HOLDS THE MORTGAGES ON 'EM!

MAYBE HE FIGURED IF WE LOST SOME STOCK, WE COULDN'T PAY THE NEXT INSTALLMENT / THEN HE'D FORECLOSE AND TAKE OVER!



SIX-GUN HEROES

DEKE'S BEEN BRUISING THE LAM FOR A LONG TIME! MAYBE WE'VE FINALLY GOT HIM! I'D BETTER GET A BOTTLE OF THAT WATER SO THE DOCTOR CAN CHECK IT!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT DEKE DIXON'S OFFICE

DEKE, I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE CANNONS, BUT I'D NEVER DO ANYTHING LIKE POUNDING A CREEK! I PLAY FAIR! AND TO PROVE IT, I'LL GIVE THEM SIX EXTRA MONTHS TO PAY UP THEIR NEXT NOTE!

WELL... NOW, THAT'S RIGHT! GENEROUS OF YOU, DEKE!



BECAUSE WE WERE WRONG ABOUT HIM... BUT WE STILL HAVE TO FIND THE GUILTY PARTY BEFORE HE KILLS OFF THE REST OF OUR CATTLE!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM TO DO...



...IF YOU TWO WILL KEEB THE PEACE SO I'LL HAVE ONE LESS PROBLEM TO WORRY ABOUT!

SURE!

YOU BET, TEX!



IN GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND TRY TO FIGURE A NEW LEAD!



BUT AS THE PRATIE KANGER REACHES HIS OFFICE

TEX! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! SOMETHING IS GOING ON OVER ON THE LAZY "Y" MY BOSS, JARVIS, LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS ROOM! HE WON'T COME OUT...

PRATIE KANGER



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

...I CLIMBED THROUGH JAEVE'S WINDOW AND POISONED HIS WATER JUG! I HID IN THE ROOM AS HE PASSED OUT. I LOCKED THE DOOR AGAIN, HE MUST BE DEAD AS A DOORNAIL BY NOW...



WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE REST OF THE POISON?

THERE IT IS! CLAUSSEN'S CEREAL ON THE WAY BACK TO TOWN ... WHY?



YOU IDIOT! CLAUSSEN'S CATTLE DRANK IT AND THEY'RE DYING LIKE FLIES! TEX EDDIE SUSPECTS HE OF PLANNING IT THAT WAY!

BUT HE CAN'T PROVE IT!



NO... BUT IF HE FINDS OUT JAEVE DIED OF THE SAME POISON, IT WON'T TAKE HIM LONG TO GET BACK ON MY TRAIL!

SLIP! HE'S BACK ON IT ALREADY! HERE HE COMES!



QUICK! HIDE BEHIND THE DOOR! HE WON'T EXPECT TO FIND ANYONE HERE BUT ME ... SO IT'LL BE EASY FOR YOU TO JUMP HIM FROM BEHIND!

PALE OUTSIDE



WHOA, WHITE FLASH! I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE ON ALONE!

GET YOUR HAT DEKE! I'M LOCKING YOU UP ON SUSPICION OF MURDER...



ONE MORE STEP, EDDIE ... ONE MORE ...

BUT AS THE GUNMAN IS ABOUT TO DECK HIS DUSTOL DOWN ON THE PEACIE RANGEE'S HEAD ...



THUD!

UGH!

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

BONE DEAR CAME BY HIM—INTENDING TO KILL HIM WITH ONE BLOW—BUT SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LAINE, WHOY THAT LOBBIES THIS FIGHT INSTEAD NOT ONLY DEDIC FOR HIMSELF BUT ALSO FOR REMEDION OF WHITE SETTLEMENTS IN ARIZONA. FOR WATCHING THE OUTCOME OF THIS BATTLE WAS THE CRUCIAL QUESTION OF THEM ALL—THE LOSTENARY CREEP OF ALL APPROVED WHO HAD SWORN TO KILL THE ONES WHO HAD BROKEN HIS HORSES—VITTORIO, EMPEROR OF TERROR!

ROCKY LAINE REVENGE OF VITTORIO

NOTION PICTURE AND TV STAGE



YOU SEE NOW, WHITE-EYE, MY TOMAHAWK SHALL TASTE THE BLOOD OF A REBELLING NUTHEMAN!

TALK IS CHEAP, BONE DEAR! LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR MUSCLES CAN DO!

BUCKINGO ALASCIA

SECRET INVADING ROCKY LAINE IS JUST RETURNING FROM A SUCCESSFUL JAMON BETWEEN THE APPROVED AND ADVANCE ARMY SCOUTS, WHEN...



SHOTS FROM THE VALLEY BELOW! LET'S GO, BOYS!

BANG BANG

NEIGH

NEIGH

MOMENTS LATER, AS HE REACHES THE VALLEY...



ARMY TROOPS—STALING OFF THE HORSES THAT BELONG TO THE APPROVED!



HEY THERE! WAIT—! WANTS YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER? YOU'RE STEALING VITTORIO'S PRIZE STALLIONS!

SIX-GUN HEROES



ROCKY, KNOWING THAT VITTIORS WILL SOON HEAR ABOUT IT, RIDES SWIFTLY TOWARDS FORT BAKER AND COLONEL CHARLES, THE COMMANDING OFFICER. HOURS LATER, HE HAS EXPLAINED WHAT HE FOUND...



THE ARMOSE SQUAD GALLOPS TOWARDS THE FORT-- AND... SECONDS LATER, RIDES BACK...



ROCKY AND COLONEL CHARLES GET BAD NEWS...



AND AFTER THE SCOUT HAS GONE...



SIX-GUN HEROES

JOCKEY RIDES OUT OF THE FORT TO SEARCH FOR VITTORIO... BUT HIS HORSE DRAGS NEAR THE TRADING POST NEAR THE FORT...

"POUCH HAW NOW! ARCHER WILL SWEEP ALL BEFORE THEM! SOON AS FROM HILLS TELL ME NO!"

"A COMANCHE BRIDE! WHAT'S HE DOING IN THIS TERRITORY ALL BLAMMED UP? THAT'S A GOOD SIGN!"



JOCKEY DECIDES TO PLAY A HUNCH AND QUESTION THE BRIDE... BUT...

"THIS INCH SURE DOESN'T WANT TO TALK TO ME! SOMETHING'S WRONG. COMANCHES USUALLY ARE FRIENDLY."



"YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING. FOCUS! BRAIN!"



"DROPTHE HANE! DROP IT!"

"WHY-ARE OOD! I-- MIGHTY!"



"ALL RIGHT NOW! TALK! YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE COMANCHE WARD WHO STOLE THOSE HORSES... QUICK--OR I'LL CUT OFF YOUR HAIR AND LET YOUR SQUADS WALK YOU!"

"LONG BRIDE--WE CHIEF--HAS LONG BEEN SENTRY OF VITTORIO... THEY ARE CORRALLED IN SOME SQUARES LOCATED NEAR DEVEL CANYON. YOU CAN DO NOTHING! ALREADY VITTORIO ATTACKS!"



"WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! COME ON! WE'RE RIDING TOWARDS VITTORIO CAMP! I WANT HIM TO LISTEN TO WHAT I HEARD ALSO!"



SIX-GUN HEROES

BUT ROCKY SOON LEARNS THAT VITTORIO HAS LEFT HIS CAMP AND HAS ALREADY ATTACKED THE FORT!



LEAVING THE CORNACHI SECURELY BOUND TO A TREE UNTIL HE RETURNS, ROCKY RIDES PURSUED TOWARDS DEVEL CANYON...



BUT AS HE DRIVES NEAR THE CORNACHI CAMP, ROCKY SEES --



BUT BEFORE EITHER ROCKY OR HIS PURSUERS CAN RIDE VERY FAR--FROM OUT OF THE HILLS-STEP HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF APACHES!



SIX-GUN HEROES

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ROCKY KNOWS HE MUST ACT FIRST IF THE WAR IS TO BE STOPPED. VITTIROD TELLS THEN HE IS WAITING FOR REINFORCEMENTS. ROCKY NOW PLANS A DISCREET BOMBING INTO ACTION!

LOME BEAR AND HIS COMPANIES CONVINCED THAT STOLEN THE HORSES. VITTIROD! I HAVE BEEN THIS WITH MY OWN EYES! HE PLANS TO TAKE YOUR LAMBS!

THE WHITE DOG LIES!

VITTIROD, IF LOME BEAR LIES, THEN YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME SAY! I PROMISE TO YOU OF LOME BEARS THREATS!

AGREED! LET THE TEST BEGIN!

ROCKY FROM THE LIEBING. LOME BEAR REPEATS LATER—FROM ON A LOG ISLAND ACROSS TWO POLLS. BURNED IN THE GARDEN!

LOME BEAR STRIDES!

YOU HAVE MARKED YOUR OWN DEATH. WHITE-EYE! MY TOMAHAWK SHALL TAKE YOUR BLOOD SOON!

YOU'LL SEE!



YOU WILL NOT COME AND LONG!

YOU TALK AS THE WIND! BUT THE WIND SHALL SOON DIE, LOME BEAR!



—LIKE THIS !!!

AGHHHH

AND LATER, WHEN VITTIROD RIDES TO THE CANADIAN CAMP...

HERE ARE YOUR HORSES, GREAT VITTIROD! YOUR OWN ALLIES HAVE TRIED TO DECEIVE YOU! LET THIS FURIOUS WAR STOP BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE!

IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY, WHITE-EYE! MY THUNDER! THE TRUTH OF PEACE HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN!

WATCH LATER AT THE PORT...

—BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT, MAN? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

ONCE IF THE GODS WILL AGAINST YOU MEN! BUT I HAD TRUSTY ON MY SIDE!



Now! The Amazing Facts about BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Women, it has been said, Mary Ann and women by millions fail down by their neglect to treat certain scalp conditions of their hair.

There are two principal types of heart loss, or atrophy, as it is known in medical

1. *Allopecia* from diseases of the scalp
2. *Allopecia* from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. *Allopecia* of the aged (senile baldness)
4. *Allopecia* from loss of hair by plucking
5. *Allopecia* of the young (premature baldness)
6. *Allopecia* at birth (congenital baldness).

family, premature and congenital diabetes cannot be helped by anything we know in modern science. Allopurinol from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and assistance of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

5. **SOFT FINGERED:** The hair is dry, brittle, and without gloss. A dry hair condition is usually present with accompanying skin care. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of the disease.

Many doctors agree that to identify these symptoms of ERY and GILY (GILY is a new drug) is the first step.

Retardation is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — *Staphylococcus albus*, *Staphylococcus aureus*, and *Acron bacillus*.

Time given starts the submaximal gland rearing as observed working of this lat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged digested submaximal gland, then begins to stretch. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Submaximal is the irregularly shaped (see submaximal)

But abortion can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three great systems believed to cause abortion, sex and alcohol, can be eliminated before they destroy fetal cellular hair growth.

A post-war development, Canate Medical Formula sells three three gram capsules on contact. Proof of Canate's gentrifying properties has been demonstrated on laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Cosme Medicated Formula restores whorling—straightens the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and dandruff—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to alopecia. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who have been dropped, then rescued, and finally decided to wear themselves of Greater Medical Products.



INTRODUCTION OF NEW FORMULAE
Caused By Subversion
 A = Head Injury B = Neck strangling
 C = Asphyxiation D = Drowning
 E = Poisoning F = Blunt Force

A Few of the Many Clevered Expositions By Users of Common Marketed Goods

"This hair was coming out by roots and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I used Camille. Now my hair has started growing out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so long better."

—Mrs. J. J. Smith

"I've been friends for a long time," she said.

¹² "Your attitude in recognizing your rights is my hope, and the hope of those who love you." — a very kind note of my intention.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. It is more abundant, free and the texture is smoother. It's producing more a natural and pleasing formula." —Ed. J. Johnson, Pa.

*I have found other business school job postings less appealing with no mention of salary, benefits, etc.

I haven't had any trouble with alcohol since I started using Cognac. —G. W. W., Jackson, Tex.

Train Service is everything if our company, you say to us.
I am sure yours will follow the same path.

"I had it done for the hair and straighten the hair too. I am thankful for the hair; it has given me a regard in the nursing home." —B.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

The length of Camacho's jet from the hair done my hair, as much good, his hair has been coming out and looking all the time. I have, it has improved in health."

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to those miners, men and women, when they first read about Comstock. If your hair is thinning, gray-day is overcast—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be grateful to the laboratory men and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to folliculitis, Comane CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comane Medicated Shampoo, you have nothing to lose because our **GUARANTEE POLICY** covers the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and skin. Just mail the coupon below.

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☐ National Seed \$5.00, Seed postage (check, cash, money order.)

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Abstract

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A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



Star Studded

A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



Royal Poinsett

A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



Mosaic Ring

A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



Cocktail Clever

A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



Modern Wedding Ring

A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



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A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



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A real new ring of an art nouveau design with a large oval stone and a small round stone.



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